

collated
Perfect.
15th 1790

A
Most Pleasant
Comedy of *Mucedorus*
the Kings Sonne of *Valen-*
sia, and *Amadine* the Kings
Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouſe*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it
was acted before the Kings
Majesty, at White-hall on
Shrove-sunday night.

By his Highnesſe Seruants, vsually
playing at the Globe.

Very delectable, and full of conceited mirth

LONDON,
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to bee
sold at his shop without New-
gate, at the ſigne of the
Bible. 1619.

PHOT of HEH 62677



The Prologue.

MOst sacred Majesty, whose great deserts,
Thy subie& *England*, nay, the world admires :
Which, Heauen grant still increase, O may your praise
Multiplying with your houres, your fame still raise :
Embrace your Councel: Loue, with Faith them guide
That both as one bench, by the others side.
So may your life passe on, and run so euen;
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heauen :
Where smiling Angells shall your guardians be
From blemisht Traytors, stain'd with periury :
And as the Night's inferior to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night ;
For, from your beames, *Europe* shall borrow light.
Mirth drowne your bosome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our pastime your contentment finde.

Exit.

A 2

Tenne



Tenne persons may easily play it.

The King, and Ramelo,

} for one.

King Valentia.

} for one.

Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia.

} for one.

Anselmo.

} for one.

Amadine the Kings Daughter of
Aragon.

} for one.

Segasto a Noble man.

} for one.

Enuy, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremio
a wild man.

} for one.

Cemedie, a boy, an old Woman,

} for one.

Ariena, Amadines maid.

} for one.

Collin a Counceller, a Messenger.

} for one.

Moufe the Clowne.

} for one.

37101

A



A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Son of *Valencia*, and *Amandine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.



Hy so, thus doe I hope to please:
Musicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable:
Comedy play thy part and please;
Make merry them that come to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good Gentles I hope to make you laugh

Sound forth *Bellona's* siluer tuned strings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy his armes naked beswered with blood.

Env. Nay stay Minton stay, there lies a blocke:
What, all on mirth? He interrupt your tale,
And mixe your musick with a Tragick sound.

Com. What monstrous vgly hag is this,
That dares controule the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish Curre beemes'd with gory blood,
That seem'st to check the blossome of Delight,
And stifle the sound of sweet *Bellona's* breath:
Blush monster blush, and post away with shame?
That seek'st disturbance of a Gouernesse name.

Env. Post hence thy selfe thou counterchecking Trull,
I will possesse this habite spight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wished port:
I'll thunder Musicke shall appale the Nymphs,
And make them shute their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Darish Coates.

Sound Drummes within and cry stay stay.
Hearken thou shalt heare noyse,
Shall fill the Aire with shrilling sound

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And thunder Musicke to the Gods above;

Mars shall himselfe breath downe

A Peerelesse Crowne vpon braue *Emmils* head,

And rife his chitall with a lasting fame:

In this braue Musicke, *Enny* takes delight,

Where I may see them wallow in their blood.

To spurne at Armes and Legs quite shiuered off,

And heare the cries of many thousands flame:

How lik'st thou this my Troll? tis sport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloody curte, nurst vp with Tygers sap,

That so dost quile a Womans minde;

Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to please,

And seeks to gaine the loue of all estates:

Delighting in Mirth, mixe all with lowly tales;

And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe.

Thou bloody, envious, disdainer of mens ioyes:

Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems;

Delights in nothing but in spoyle and death,

Where thou maist trample in their luke-warme blood,

And graspe their hearts within thy cursed pawes:

Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,

A silly woman begs in thy hands.

Give me the leaue to utter out my Play;

Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,

And mixe not death amongst pleasing *Comedies*,

That treats naught else but pleasure and delight:

If any sparke of humane recte in thee,

Forbeare, begone; tender the suite of me.

Emm. Why so I will: forbearance shall be such,

As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,

And make the mourne where thou shalt ioyest,

Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole;

VVhirling thy pleasures with a peale of death;

And drench thy methode in a sea of blood.

This will I doe: Thus shall I beare with thee,

And more, to vex thee with a deeper sight,

I will with threats of blood, begin the Play,

Fauouring thee with *Enny* and with Hate.

Com. Then vgly Monster doe thy worst,
I will defend them in despite of thee:
And though thou think'st it a sad, Tragick fume
To proue my Play vnto my deepe disgrace,
I force it not. I scorne what thou canst doe:
I'll grace it so thy selfe shall it confesse,
From tragick stoffe to be a pleasant Comady.

Enn. Why when Comady send thy Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first step of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dore of death.

Com. And I'll defend them murther all thy spight:
So vgly fierd farewell, till time shall serue,
That we may meet to parley for the best.

Enn. Content Comady, I'll goe spread my branch
And scattered Blossoms from mine enuious Tree,
Shall proue two Monsters, spoyling of their ioyes.

Exit.

Sound.

Enter Murtherers, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. Anselmo? *Ansel.* My Lord and Friend,
Whose deere affections bosome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe:
Whence nere disloyalty shall roote it forth,
But Faith plant firmer in your choyce respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I should other deeme,
Nor can any Fortune contrary allow:

But my *Anselmo*, loch I am to say, I must estrange that friend-
Misconstrue not, tis from the Realme, not thee: *(Ship)*

Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company:

Thou know'st that I departed often haue,

Private relations with my souldier, *Sine*

Had, as concealing his count: *Anselmo*,

Rich. Deighton might I sell: whose face (some say)

That blooming hill heere is a stone for pay.

Excelling, not excelling: least Report

Does mangle Venice, boasting of what is not.

Wing'd with De-fire: which will straight repair,

And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire:

Will you forsake *Valentia*? leave the Court?

Absent

Absent you from the eye of Soueraignty,
Do not sweet Prince, aduenture on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.

Muc. Desist disuasion,
My resolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Assist what I intend.

Ans. Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frosty dew vpon that Beard,
Whose front *Valentia* stoopes to.

Muc. If thou my welfare tender then no more,
Let Loues strong Magick charme thy triuiall phrase,
Wasted as vainely as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more answers; locke thy lippes,
Vnlesse thy wisdom suite me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

Ans. That action craues no counsell.
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Then best vsurped shape.

Muc. Thou still art opposite in disposition.
A more obscure seruile habitament
Beseemes this enterprife.

Ans. Then like a *Florentine* or *Montebanke*.

Muc. 'Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on an humbler stocke.

Ans. Within my Closet does there hang a Cassocke,
Though base the weed is, twas a Shepheards,
Which I presented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.

Muc. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view;
That habite suites my minde, fetch me that weed.

Exit Anselmo.

Better then Kings, haue not disdain'd that state,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their Mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepheards Coat.

So, let our respect commaund thy secrecy,
At once a brieffe farewell,
Delay to Louers is a second Hell.

Exit Mucedorus.

Ans.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Ans. Prosperitie forerunne thee: Auckward chance
Neuer be neighbour to thy wishes venture.
Content and Fame aduance thee. Euer thrive,
And glory thy mortality suruiue.

Exit.

Enter Mousc with a bottle of hay.

Mou. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman so
scar'd out of his seauen senses? A Beare? nay sure it cannot be a
Beare, but some Diuell in a Beares doublet: for a Beare could
neuer haue had that agility to haue frightened me. Well Ile see
my father hanged before Ile serue his horse any more: Well Ile
cary home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers
horse turne Puritan and obserue Fasting days for hee gets
not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile take
the other path, and because Ile be sure to haue an eye to her,
I will take hands with some foolish Creditor, and make euery
steppe backward.

*As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her,
and runnes away, and leanes his bottle of hay behind him.*

*Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him, being
pursued with a Beare.*

Seg. O flye Maddam, flye, or else we are but dead.

Am. Help Segasto. help, help sweet Segasto, or else I dye.

Segasto runnes away.

Seg. Alas Maddam, there is no way but flight,
Then hast and saue your selfe.

Am. Why then I dye. Ah helpe me in distresse.

*Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard with a Sword drawne,
and a Beares head in his hand.*

Muc. Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaid,
That cruell beast, most mercilesse and fell,
That hath bereaued thousands of their liues,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkasse now lies headlesse voyd of breath.

Am. That soule deformed monster is he dead?

Muc. Assure your selfe thereof behold his head:

B

Which

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which if it please you Lady, to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maiesty.

Am. Thanks worthy Shepheard, thanks a thousand times,
This giuft assure thy selfe contents me more,
Then greateft bounty of a mighty Princee,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muc. Most gracious Goddesse more then mortall wight,
Your heaucnly hue of right imports no lesse:
Most glad am I in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterprife in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your Princely minde.

Am. No Goddesse (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall iuynt distressed as thou seest,
My Father heere is King of *Aragou*,
I *Amadine* his onely Daughter am,
And after him sole heyre vnto the Crowne:
Now where as it is my Fathers will,

To marry me vnto *Sogaste*,
One whose wealth through Fathers former Vsury,
Is knowne to be no lesse then wonderfull,
We both of custome oftentimes did vse,
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields,
For recreation, especially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great store of rare delights:
And passing further then our wonted walks,
Scarce entred were within these lucklesse woods,
But right before vs downe a steepfall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast,
To meet vs both: - I faint to tell the rest.
Good Shepheard but suppose the ghastly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thousand woes,
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

Muc. Yet worthy Princeesse let thy sorrow cease,
And let this fight your former ioyes reuiue.

Am. Beloeue me Shepheard, so it doth no lesse.

Muc. Long may they last vnto your hearts content,
But tell me Lady, what is become of him,
Sogaste? what is become of him?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

I know not I, that know the powers diuine,
But God grant this that sweet *Segasto* liue.

Muc. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,
And leaue so braue a Princeesse to the spoyle.

An. Well Shepheard for thy worthy valour tryed,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free,
Varecoinpenced iure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainly knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne;
Beare thou the head of this most monstrous Beast
In open fight to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward:
Come let's away, and guard me to the Cours.

Muc. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. When heapes of harmes doe houer ouer head,
'Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And of insuing harmes to choose the least:
But hard, yea haplesse is that wretches chance,
Lucklesse his lot and Caiiue-like accurst,
At whose proceedings fortune euer frownes:
My selfe I meane, most subiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I seeke to shun the worst,
The more by prooue I finde my selfe accurst.
Erewhiles assaulted with an vgly Beare,
Fairst *Amadine* in company all alone;
Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,
Leaving my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long,
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doeth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:
If she by flight her fury doe escape,
What will she thinke?

B 2

W 11

VVill she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing mee of meere disloyalty,
A trusty friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when shee in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cride, *Segasto* help,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this virall breath.
But what, what need these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe liue then happy I,
Shee will in time forgieue and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Inno* like,
In harmefull heart to harbour hatred long.

Enter Monsio the Clowne running, crying clubs.

Mo. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bills: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares and nothing but Beares,
Tell me firrah where shee is.

Clo. O sir, shee is run downe the woods,
I saw her white head and her white belly.

Seg. Thou talkest of wonders to tell me of white Beares,
But firrah, didst thou euer see any such?

Clo. No faith, I neuer saw any such:
But I remember my fathers words,
He bad me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Seg. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clo. He tell you what sir, as I was going a field to serue my
fathers great horse, and carryed a bottle of hay vpon my head:
Now doe you see sir, I fast hadwincke that I could see nothing,
I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my hay into the
hedge and ran away.

Seg. What, from nothing?

Clo. I warrant you yes, I saw something: for there was two
load of thornes beside my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Seg. But tell me firrah: the Beare that thou didst see,
Did shee not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clo. Ha, ha, ha. I neuer saw a Beare go a milking in all my life:
But hark you sir, I did not looke so high as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white head and her white belly.

Sat.

The Comedie of Macbeth.

Seg. But tell me sirrah: where dost thou dwell?

Clo. Why, doe you not know me?

Seg. Why no, how should I know thee?

Clo. Why then you know no body, and you know not mee:
I tell you sir, I am good-man Rats sonne of the next parish over
the hill.

Seg. Good-man Rats son, whats thy name?

Clo. Why I am very neere kin vnro him.

Seg. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clo. My name? I haue a very petty name. Ile tell you what
my name is: My name is *Mouſe*.

Seg. VVhat, plaine *Mouſe*?

Clo. I, plaine *Mouſe*, without eyther welt or guard.

But doe you heare sir, I am a very young Mouſe, for my taile is
scarce growne out yet: looke here else.

Seg. But I pray you, who gaue you that name?

Clo. Faith sir I know not that, but if you would faine know,
aſke my fathers great hoſte, for hee hath bene halfe a yeare
longer with my father then I haue bene.

Seg. This ſeemes to be a merie fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.

A merie man a merie Maſter makes.

How ſaiſt thou ſirrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir, two words to a bargain. Pray you what
Occupation are you?

Seg. No Occupation, I liue vpon my Lands.

Clo. Your Lands? away, you are no Maſter for me. Why do
you thinke that I am ſo mad to go ſeeke my liuing in the lands
amongſt the ſtones, briers and buſhies, and teare my holiday-
apparell? Not I by your leaue.

Seg. VVhy, I doe not meane thou ſhalt. *Clo.* How then?

Seg. VVhy thou ſhalt be my man, and waite on me at Court.

Clo. VVhat is that? *Seg.* VVhere the King lies.

Clo. VVhat is that King, a man or a woman?

Seg. A man as thou art.

Clo. As I am: hark you ſir, pray you what kin is he to good-
man King of our Pariſh the Churchwarden?

a new comedy of successors.

Seg. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land;

Clo. King of the Land, I neuer saw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou shalt see him every day.

Clo. Shal I go home again to be torne in peeces with beares?
No not I, I will goe home and put on a cleane shirt, and then
go drowne my selfe.

Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou
shalt want nothing.

Clo. Shall I not? then heeres my hand, I'll dwell with you:
And larke you sir, now you haue entertained mee, I will tell
you what I can doe: I can keepe my tongue from picking and
stealing, and my hands from lying and slanderi^{ng}, I warrant
you, as well as euer you had man in your life.

Seg. Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with
doubts; if *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I: yea happy I if
Amadine doe liue.

*Enter the King with a young Prisoner, Amadine,
Tremelio, with Colles and Counsellors.*

King. Now braue Lords, our Warres are brought to end,

Our foes the soyle, and we in safety rest;

It vs behoues to vse such clemency in peace,

As valour in the Warres:

It is as great honour to be bountifull at home,

As Conquerors in the field.

Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,

Your liking. and our Countries safeguard,

We are dispos'd in marriage for to giue,

Our Daughter vnto Lord *Segasto* here,

Who shall succeed the Diademe after me,

And raigne heereafter as I tofore haue done,

Your sole and lawfull King of *Arragon*.

What say you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't please your Maiesty, wee doe not onely allow of
your Highnes pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may
to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* liue,
He will at full requite your courtesies.

Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Take vnto thee the *Carolans*, a Prince
Lately our Prisoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his Keeper, his ranfome shall be thine,
Wee'le thinke of it when leasure shall afford:
Meane while doe vse him well his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Maicsty, his vsage shall be such,
As he thecat shall thinke no cause to grutch. *Exeunt.*

Kl. Then march we on to Court and rest our wearied limbs,
But *Colin*, I haue a tale in secret fit for thee,
When thou shalt heare a watchword from thy King,
I thinke then some waightry matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our State:
Then *Colin* looke thou be not farre from me,
And for thy seruice thou tofore hast done
Thy truth and valour prou'd in euery poynt
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore.
So guard vs to the Court.

Col. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clowne with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me firrah, how doe you like your weapons?

Cl. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.

Seg. They keepe the dogs from your shins well do they not?

Cl. How, keepe the dogs from my shins, I would scorne but
my shinnes should keepe the dogs from them.

Seg. Well firrah, leauing idle talke, tell me,
Dost thou know Captaine *Tremolus* Chamber?

Cl. I very well, it hath a dore.

Seg. I thinke so, for so hath euery Chamber;
But dost thou know the man?

Cl. I forsooth he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Cl.* That's more then I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was heere
with the King, that brought the young Prince Prisoner?

Cl. O very well.

Seg. Goe to him and bid him come vnto me:
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.

Cl. I will Maister. Maister what's his name?

Seg.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Seg. Why, Captaine *Tremelio*?

Clo. O, the Mealeman: I know him very well,
He brings meale euery Saturday: But harke you master,
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

Seg. No sirra, he must come to mee.

Clo. Harke you Master, If he be not at home,
What shall I doe then?

Seg. Why then leaue word with some of his folkes.

Clo. O Master, if there be no body within,
I will leaue word with his dog

Seg. Why, can his dog speake?

Clo. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keepe his chamber else?

Seg. To keepe out such knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay by Lady, then goe your selfe.

Seg. You will goe sir, will you not?

Clo. Yes marry will I. O'tis come to my head:
And he be not within, Ile bring his Chamber to you.

Seg. VVhat, will you plucke downe the Kings house?

Clo. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it first.

Master, it is such a hard name I haue forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name.

Seg. I tell thee Captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. O Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirrah, dost thou call me?

Clo. You must come to my Master, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segasto* did you send for mee?

Seg. I did *Tremelio*. Sirra about your busines.

Clo. I marry, what's that, can you tell?

Seg. No not well.

Clo. Marry then, I can, straight to the Kitchin-dresser to *John*
the Cooke, and get me a good piece of Beefe and Brewis, and
then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a lacke of
Beere: and there for an houre Ile so belabour my selfe, and
therefore I pray you call mee not till you thinke I haue done, I
pray you good master.

Exit.

Seg. VVell sir away.

Tremelio, this it is, thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*.

Sound

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours :
Neuer daunted at any time : but now a Shepheard,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segasto*s honor laid aside ;
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to
worke the Shepheards death ; I know thy strength sufficient to
performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise then to reuenge
my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Seg. thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord : And in good time,
See where hee com neth : stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Wilde Coward, so without cause to strike a man,
Turne Coward turne : now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Seg. Hold Shepheard hold, spare him, kill him not :
Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done ?
Ah *Tremelio*, trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou liuing didst proue faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now liuing, will honour the dead
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge,
Blood thirsty villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine ?
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vs'd according to the Law.

Muc. *Segasto* cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that haue done nothing,
But in mine owne defence.

Seg. Nay Shepheard, reason not with me,
I'll manifest thy fact vnto the King :
Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deseru'st.
What hoc : *Mouso* come away.

Exit

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter Mouse.

Clo. Why how now, what's the matter?

I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Seg. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clo. Why is he drunke? can hee not stand on his feet.

Seg. No he is not drunke, hee is slaine;

Clo. Flaine? no by Lady he is not flaine,

Seg. He's kil'd, I tell thee,

(no longer.

Clo. What doe you vse to kill your friends? I will serue you

Seg. I tell thee the Shepheard kill'd him.

Clo. O did hee so: But Maister I will haue all his apparell if
I carry him away.

Seg. Why so thou shalt.

Clo. Come then I will helpe: Masse maister, I thinke his mother sung loobie to him, he is so heauy.

Exeunt.

Mu. Behold the fickle state of man, alwayes mutable, neuer
at one.

Sometime we feed on fancies with the sweet of our desires:

Sometimes againe, wee feele the heat of extreame miseries,

Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey.

To morrow those fauours will turne to frownes.

To day I liue reuenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me.

Exit.

Enter Brymo a wild man.

Bry. No passenger this morning: what not one?

A chance that fildome doth besall,

What not one? then lie thou there,

And rest thy selfe till I haue further need:

Now *Brymo* fish thy leasure so affords,

An endlesse thing, who knowes not *Brymoes* strength:

Who like a King commands within these woods,

The Beare, the Boare, dare not abide his sight,

But hast away to saue themselves by flight:

The Chriftall waters in the bubling Brookes,

When I come by doe swiftly slide away.

And claps themselves in closets vnder banks,

Afraid to looke bold *Brymo* in the face.

The aged Oakes at *Brymoes* breath do bowe,

And all things else are still at my command.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Else what would I?
Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth;
And each way else I would reuenge my selfe.
Why who comes here, with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me, and doth not die the death? not one,
What fauour shewes this sturdy stick to those
That heere within these woods are combatants with me?
Why death and nothing else but present death.
With restlessse rage I wander through these woods
No creature here, but feareth *Bremos* force:
Man, woman, child, beast and bird,
And euery thing that doth approach my sight,
Are forst to fall, if *Bremo* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my spoyles,
For here I see this day it will not be,
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat sufficeth for to worke my will.
What comes not one: then lets be gone,
A time will serue when we shall better speed. *Exit.*
Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepheard and the Clowne with others.
King. Shepheard, thou hast heard thine accusers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
What canst thou say? thou hast deserued death.
Mu. Dread Soueraigne I must needs confesse:
I slue this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuser hath a further meaning,
Seg. Words will not here preuaile,
I seeke for iustice and iustice craues his death.
King. Shepheard thine owne confession hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution straight.
Cl. So he shall, I warrant him:
But doe you heare Master King: he is kin to a Monkie,
His neck is bigger then his head.
Seg. Come sirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.
Cl. Yes forsooth I warrant you: come on sirra:
A, so like a Sheepe-biter a lookes,

THE COMEDY OF MENECANDROS.

Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Am. Dread Soueraigne, and wellbeloued Sire,
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepherd,
which heretofore preferued the life of thy sometime distressed
daughter.

King. Preferued the life of my sometime distressed daughter,
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distressed: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate,
As best befeem'd the daughter of a King,
I neuer saw the Shepheard vntill now,
How comes it then that he preferu'd thy life?

Am. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further then our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs, downe a steepe-fast Hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast
To meet vs both: now whether thou be true,
I referre it to the credite of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true an't like your Maiesty, *King.* How then?

Am. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he ment to swallow vs both at once:
The sight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I saw no succour insident,
But in *Segastos* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most Coward-like began to fly,
Left me distressed to be deuour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Am. Then I amaz'd, distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare,
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes;
Till at the length this Shepheard came,
And brought to me his head (Maiesty.
Come hither boy, loe here it is, which I present vnto your

King. The slaughter of this Beare deserves great fame,

Seg.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Seg. The slaughter of a man deserves great blame.

Kim. Indeed occasion oftentimes so falls out.

Seg. *Tremelio* in the wars, (O King) preserved thee,

Am. The Shepherd in the woods (O King) preserved me.

Seg. *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld.

Am. So would the Shepherd had he beene in field.

Clo. So would my Maister, had he not runne away.

Seg. *Tremelios* force saved thousands from the foe.

Am. The Shepherds force hath many thousands more.

Clo. A yee shipstickes, nothing else.

Kim. *Segasto* ceate to accuse the Shepherd,

His worthinesse deserves a recompence:

All we are bound to doe the Shepherd good.

Shepherd, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,

So shall my sentence stand for thou shalt die.

Seg. Thanks to your Maiesty.

Kim. But loost *Segasto* not for this offence:

Long maist thou live and when the sitters shall decree,

To cut in twaine the twisted third of life,

Then let him die, for this I set him free;

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Muc. Thanks to your Maiesty.

Kim. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepherd, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*

Clo. O Maister heare you, you haue made a fresh hand now,

I thought you would bestrow you: what will you do now?

You haue lost me a good Occupation by the meanes:

Faith Maister now I cannot hang the Shepherd,

I pray you let me take the paines to hang you,

'Tis but halfe an houres exercise.

Seg. You are still in your knauery:

But sith I cannot haue his life,

I will procure his banishment for euer: come on Sirra.

Clo. Yes forsooth, I come: laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt*

Enter Mucedorus solus

Muc. From *Amadine*, and from her fathers Court,

With gold and silver, and with rich rewards,

Flowing from the bankes of gold and treasures:

More may I boast and say: but I
Was neuer Shepheard in such dignity.

Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.

Mef. All haile worthy Shepheard.

Cl. All raine lousie Shepheard.

Mu. Welcome my friends from whence come you.

Mef. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court -
Shepheard be gon.

Cl. Shepheard take law, legges, flye away Shepheard.

Mu. Whose words are these, came these from *Amadine*?

Mef. I from *Amadine*.

Cl. Aye from *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah lucklesse fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,
My former blisse is now become my bale.

Cl. What wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

Mu. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Cl. The worst ale-house that euer I came in, in all my life.

Mu. What shall I doe?

Cl. Euen goe hang thy selfe?

Mu. Can *Amadine* so churlishly command

To banish the Shepheard from her fathers Court?

Mef. What should Shepheards doe in the Court?

Cl. What should Shepheards doe among vs?

Haue wee not Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Mu. Why Shepheards are men, and Kings are no more.

Mef. Shepheards are men and Masters ouer their flocke.

Cl. That's a lie; who payes them their wages then?

Mef. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me:

But you were best to looke to him, least you hang for him
When he is gone.

Exit.

The Clowne sings.

Cl. And you shall hang for company.

For leauing me alone.

Shepheard stand forth and heare my sentence.

(sure,

Shepheard begone within three daies, in paine of my displea-

Shepheard be gone, Shepheard be gone, be gone, be gone,

Shepheard, Shepheard, Shepheard.

Mu. And must I goe: and must I needs depart?

Yee

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Yee goodly Groues partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse,
Yee wholofeme hearbs and sweet smelling sauiours,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man:
Change, change, your wonted course,
That I wanting your ayde, in wofull sort may dye.

Enter Amadine, and Ariena her maids.

Am. Ariena, if any body aske for me,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Exit.

Am. Do you the like to him, I meane not to stay long.

Mu. This voyce so sweet my pining spirits reuiues.

Am. Shepheard well met, tell me how thou dost.

Mu. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Am. Shepheard although thy banishment already
Be decreed and all against my will, yet *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death:
I double death to me: but since I must depart one thing I craue.

Am. Say on with all my heart.

Mu. That in absence eyther farre or neere,
You honour me: as Seruant to your name.

Am. Not so. *Muc.* And why?

Am. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Mu. A Shepheard and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Am. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Mu. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Am. Shepheard, it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy banish-

Mu. Vnworthy wighs are more in ieaiousie. *(ment.*

Am. would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

Mu. Amen I say to haue your company,

Am. Well Shepheard, sith thou sufferest thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me liue,
On this condition, Shepheard thou canst loue.

Mu. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Am.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Am. Of late I loued one indeed, but now I loue none but only

Mu. Thanks worthy Princeesse: Iburne likewise, (thee,
Yet smother vp the blast.

I dare not promise what, I may performe.

Am. Well Shepheard, harke what I shall say,
I will returne vnto my fathers Court,

There for to prouide me of such necessaries

As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:

This being done I will returne to thee,

Doe thou therefore appoynt the place
Where we may meete.

Muc. Downe in the Valley where I slew the Beare,
And there doth grow a fayre broad branched Beech,
That ouershades a Well, so who comes first,
Let them abide the happy meeting of vs both.

How like you this? *Am.* I like it well.

Mu. Now if you please you may appoynt the time.

Am. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.

Mu. The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.

Am. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*

Mu. Your departure Lady breeds a priuy paine. *Exit.*
Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. 'Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will:
Should such a Shepheard, such a simple Swaine as he,
Eclips thy credit, famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A Shepheard hath *Segastos* honour wonne.

Enter Mounse the Clowne calling his Maister.

Cl. What, hoe maister, will you come away?

Seg. Will you come hither I pray you, what is the matter?

Cl. Why is it not past eleuen of the clocke?

Seg. How then fir?

Cl. I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. I pray you come hither.

Cl. Here's such a doe with you, will you neuer come?

Seg. I pray you fir, what newes of the Message I sent you a-

Cl. I tell you all the messes be on the Table already. (bount)

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

There wants not so much as a messe of Mustard, halfe an houre

Seg. Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly, (agoe.
You haue forgotten what I bid you doe.

Clo. Faith, I know nothing, but you bad me go to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it, the very scent of the meate
hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. What Arrand, an arrant knaue, or an arrant whore?

Seg. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the Shep-

Clo. O the Shepheards Bastard. (heard?

Seg. I tell thee the Shepheards banishment.

Clo. I tell you the Shepheards Bastard shall be well kept,
He looke to it my selfe: but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you haue banished
him or no?

Clo. Why I cannot say banishment, if you would giue me a
thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you whoreson slaue, haue you forgotten that I sent
you and another to driue away the Shepheard?

Clo. What an Ass are you, hears a stirre indeed:
heeres Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you haue droue him
away?

Clo. Faith I thinke I haue, and you will not belieue me aske
my staffe.

Seg. Why, can thy staffe tell?

Clo. Why he was with me to.

Seg. Then happy I that haue obtaynd my will.

Clo. And happier I if you would goe to dinner.

Seg. Come sirra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not loose an inch of you now you
are going to dinner: I promise you I thought seauen yeares
before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine sola.

Am. God grant my long delay procures no harme.
Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence:
My Mucedorus surely stays for me,

D

And

And think me but long, at length I come,
 My present promise to performe:
 Ah what a thing is firme vndign'd love,
 What is it which true love dare not attempt?
 My father he may make but I must match:
Suggests love's, but *Amadine* must like
 Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall;
 No, no, the hearty choyle is all in all.
 The Shepheards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.
 But what me thinkes the Shepheard is not come;
 I wuse at that, the houre is at hand:
 Well heere I le rest till *Amadorn* come. *She sits downe.*

Enter Breme looking about hastily takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey, now *Breme* feed on these
 Dainties *Breme*, dainties, thy hungry paunch to fill;
 Nowgint thy greedy guts with luke-warme blood;
 Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead;
Am. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield,

Bre. VVhat canst not fight? then lyeth thee downe and dye.

Am. What must I dye?

Bre. What needs these words, I thirst to suck thy blood.

Am. Yet pitty me and let me live a while.

Bre. No pitty I, Ile feed vpon thy flesh,

And tear thy body peeces out by loynts.

Am. Ah now I want my Shepheards company.

Bre. Ile crush thy bones betwene two Oaken trees.

Am. Hast Shepheard hast, or else thou com'st too late.

Bre. Ile suck the sweetnesse from thy marrow-bones.

Am. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood.

Bre. With this my Bar I will beat out thy braines.

Downe downe I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground.

Am. Then *Amadorn* farewell; my hoped ioyes farewell;

Yea farewell life and welcome present death; *She kisses*

To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying Ghost.

Bre. Now *Breme*, play thy part: and you *Amadorn* farewell.

How now; what sodaine chance is this?

My Limbes doe tremble, and my sinewes shake;

Am.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

My vnweakened Armes haue lost their former force:

Ah *Breno*, *Breno*, what a foyle hadst thou,

That yet at no time wast affraid

To dare the greatest Gods to fight with thee, *He strikes.*

And now wants strength for one downe driuing blow?

Ah how my courage failes when I should strike;

Some new-come Spirit abiding in my breast,

Saith spare her *Breno*, spare her, doe not kill;

Shall I spare her that neuer spared any?

To it *Breno*, to it; say againe:

I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,

Me thinks I should not strike so faire a one:

I thinke her beauty hath bewicht my force,

Or else within me altered natures couric.

Ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me?

Am. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woods.

Bro. Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,

And therefore follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. It was my will an houre agoe and more,

As was my promise for to make returne;

But other businesse hindred my pretence.

It is a world to see, when man appoints,

And purposely one certaine thing decrees,

How many things may hinder his intent:

What one would wish the same is farthest off,

But yet th'appoynted time cannot be past.

Nor hath her presence yet prevented me:

Well heere I'll stay and expect her coming.

They cry within hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is persude no doubt,

Perhaps some search for me, 'tis good to doubt the worst;

Therefore I'll be gone.

Exit.

Cry within hold him, hold him: Enter Mause the

Clowne with a Pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: heer's aftir indeed: here
came huc after the Crier; & I was set close at mother *Naps* house

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and

and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers: Now sirrah, I had taken the maidenhead of two of them, and as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: well Ile see, masse I cannot see him yet: well Ile looke a little further; Masse he is a little slane if a be heere: why heeres no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot, I marry theres the matter: but I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old rusty, dusty, musty, fusty, crusty fire-brand, and worse then all that, and so face her out of her pot: but soft heere she comes.

Enter the old Woman.

Old Wo. Come you knaue, where's my pot you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot come not to me for your pot, 'twere good for you.

Old. Thou liest thou knaue, thou hast my pot.

Clo. You lie and you say it, I your pot? I know what Ile say.

Old. Why what wilt thou say?

Clo. But say I haue it and thou darst.

Old. Why thou knaue thou hast not onely my pot, but my drinke vnpaid for.

Clo. You lie like an old; I will not say whore.

Old. Dost thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou darrest:

Search me whether I haue it or no.

Shee searcheth him, and bee drinketh ouer her head, and casteth downe the Pot, she stumblith at it: then they fall together by the eares: she takes vp her pot and runne out.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. How now sirra, whats the matter?

Clo. O Flies Maister, Flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. O heere Maister, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou liest, I thinke thou art mad.

Clo. Why Maister, I haue kild a dung-cart full at the least.

Seg. Go to sirra, leaue this idle talke, giue eare to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares.

No.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Not an you were ten Maisters.

Seg. Why fir, I bid you giue eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will not bee made a Curtall for no mans plea-

Seg. I tell thee, attend what I say. (sure,

Goe thy wayes straight and reare the whole towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole Towne? euen goe your selfe it is more then I can doe: Why doe you think I can reare a Towne, that can scarce reare a pot of Ale to my head, I should reare a Towne, should I not?

Seg. Goe to the Constable and make a priuy search, For the Shepheard is run away with the Kings Daughter.

Clo. How, is the Shepheard run away with the Kings Daughter, or is the Kings Daughter run away with the Shepheard.

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is she to runne away with the Shepheard; why I thinke I am a little handsomer man then the Shepheard my selfe: but tell me Maister, must I make a priuie search, or search in the priuie.

Seg. Why dost thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then search euery where, Leau no place vnsearcht for them.

Clo. Oh now I am in Office: now will I to that old Fire-brands house, and will not leau one place vnsearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke so long as I can stand; and when I haue done Ile let out all the rest, to see if hee be not hid in the Barrell; and if I finde him not there Ile to the Cupbord, Ile not leau one corner of her house vnsearchd ifaith, yee old Crust I will be with you now. *Exit.*

Sounded Musicke.

Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Rodrigo, Lord Barathius with others.

King Va. Enough of Musicke, it but addes to torment, Delights to vexed spirits, are as Dates Set to a sicke man; which rather cloy then comfort: Let me intreat you to intreat no more *Musicke*

Rod. Let your strings sleepe, haue done there. *cease*

King Va. Mirth to a soule disturbd, are embers turnd, Which

The Comedy of Macedonius.

Which sodaine gleame with molestation,
But sooner loose their fight for't.

'Tis gold bestowd vpon a Rouser,
Which not relieues, but murders him.

'Tis a drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.

How can a Father that hath lost his Sonne,
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle Acts of Time?

No, no, till *Macedonius* I shall see againe,
All ioy is comfortlesse, all pleasure paine.

Ans. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

King Va. I prethee speake that thrice,

Ans. The Prince your Sonne is safe.

King Va. O where *Anselmo*, surfet me with that.

Ans. In *Arragon* my Liedege, and at his parting,

Bound my secrecie

By his affectionous loue not to disclose it;

But care of him, and pittie of your Age,

Makes my tongue blab what my breest vowd concealement.

King Va. Thou not deceiue'st me,
I euer thought thee what I find thee now,
An vpright loyall man.

But what desire, or young-fed humor
Nurst within his braine,

Drew him so priuately to *Arragon*?

Ans. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare and doubtfull ieaousie,
Whether report guilded a worthlesse Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deseru'd her high extolement.

King Va. See our prouision be in readinesse,
Collect vs followers of the comeliest hue,
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Christall eye of Heauen shal not thrice wincke,
Nor the greene Floud fixe times his shoulders turne,
Till we salute the *Arragonian* King.

Musicke speake loudly now, the season's apt,
For former dolours are in pleasures wrapt.

Musick.

Enter

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himself.

Muc. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father to thy native Soyle.
Or trie some long abode within these woods?
Well I will hence depart and hie me home.
What high me home said I? that may not be,
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie:
Then *Mucedorus* doe as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groues:
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there and seat thy selfe thereon:
And when thou feelst thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come Habite thou art fit for me, *He disguiseth*
No Shepheard now, an Hermite must I be, *himselfe.*
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking Staffe,
And exercise some grauity withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heer's through the woods and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepheard, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft, who haue we heere? what art thou?

Muc. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Muc. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a Soitary life within these woods?

Clo. O I know thee now; thou art hee that eates vp all the
Hippes and Hawes: we couldt nor haue one piece of fat Bacon
for thee all this yeare.

Muc. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seeke in these woods?

Clo. VVhat doe I seeke? for a stray Kings Daughter,
Run away with a Shepheard.

Muc. A stray Kings daughter run a way with a Shepheard,
wherefore, canst thou telle

Clo.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Clo. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Maister and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer these Woods then they were vsed, (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes ruuning a great Beare now my Maister plaid the man, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now sir, comes mee a Shepheard and hee strikes off the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and binde their hands and feet, and I'll kill them all: now euer since *Amadine* hath bin in loue with the Shepheard, and for good will shees euen run away with the Shepheard.

Mu. What manner of man was he, canst describe him vnto me,

Clo. Scribe him, ay I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, wel-fauoured fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

Muc. Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I finde you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called Maister *Moufe*.

Muc. Oh Maister *Moufe*, I pray you what Office might you beare in the Court?

Clo. Marry sir, I am Rusher of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, Vsher of the Table.

Clo. Nay I say Rusher, and I'll proue mine Office good: for looke you sir, when any comes from vnder the Sea or so, and a Dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and strow Rushes presently, therefore I am a Rusher: a high Office I promise yee.

Muc. But where shall I finde you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is best being, either in the Kitchen eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewes knuckle deepe in fat: pray you take paines, remember Mr. *Moufe*. *Exit.*

Muc. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.

Ah *Amadine*; what should become of her?

Whither shouldst thou goe so long vnknowne?

With watch and ward each passage is beset,

So that shee cannot long escape vnknowne.

Doublet she hath lost her selfe within these woods,

And wandring too and fro she seekes the Well,

Which

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which yet she cannot finde, therefore will I seek her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremono and Amadine.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremos* and his woods?

Am. As like the woods of *Bremos*'s cruelty:

Though I were dumbe and could not answer him,
The Beasts themselves would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy savage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Am. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepherd is my Loue.

Bre. Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,
Giuen thee leaue to liue that thou mightst loue,
And dost thou whet me on to cruelty?
Come kisse me (sweet) for all my fauours past.

Am. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how she flies away from me,
I will follow, and giue attend to her.
Deny my Loue, a Worme of Beauty:
I will chastise thee: come, come.
Prepare thy head vpon the Block.

Am. O spare me *Bremo*, Loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himselfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lyon, or the Beare:
And like a Wolfe prey not vpon a Lambe.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my Queene,
He crowne thee with a Chaplet made of Iuory.
And make the Rose and Lilly wait on thee:
He rend the burley Branches from the Oake,
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees shall spread themselves where thou dost goe,
And as they spread, He trace along with thee.

Am. You may, for who but you.

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quails and Partriches,
With Black-birds, Larkes, Thrushes and Nightingales.
Thy drinke shall be Goats Milke and Christall water,
Distilling from the Fountaines and the cleere Springs:

E

And

THE COMEDY OF MUCEDORUS.

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.

Am. You may, for who but you.

Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my Loue,
With all the pleasures that I can deuise;
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly embrace thee in mine armes.

Am. One may, so may not you.

Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-Nimps shall attend on thee,
And lull thee asleepe with Musicke sound
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing, good morrow to my Queene:
And whilst he sings, Ile kisse mine *Amadine*,

Am. You may, for who but you.

Bre. When thou art vp the wood-lanes shall be strowed
With Violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to trace vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chase the Hart and how to rouse the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.

Am. You may for who but you.

Enter Mucedorus.

Bre. Welcome sir, an houre agoe I look't for such a guest:
Be merry wench wee'le haue a frolicke Feast,
Heer's flesh enough for to suffice vs both:
Say sirra, wilt thou fight, or dost thou meane to die?

Mu. I want a weapon, how can I fight?

Bre. Thou wantst a weapon, why then thou yeoldst to die.

Mu. I say not so, I doe not yeeld to die.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead.

Am. Yet spare him *Brewe*, spare him.

Bre. Away I say, I will not spare him.

Mu. Yet giue me leaue to speake.

Bre. Thou shalt not speake.

Am. Yet giue him leaue to speake for my sake.

Bre. Speake on, but be not ouer-long.

Mu. In time of yore when men like brutish beasts,
Did leade their liues in loathsome Celles and Woods,

And

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And wholly gaue themselves to wickeſſe will:
Arude vnruely route them man to man became
A preſent prey, then might preuailed,
The weakeſt went to walls:
Right was vnknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus liued in their great out-rage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudeneſſe vnto reaſon brought,
Who led by Reaſon, ſoone forſooke the woods,
In ſtead of Caues, the built them Caſtles ſtrong,
Citties and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they, they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Waying their former wickedneſſe,
They term'd the time wherein they liued then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bromo* (for to heare thee called)
If men which liued tofore, as thou doſt now,
Wild in Wood, addicted all to ſpoyle,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cauſe thee to returne
From murder, blood-ſhed, and like cruelties.
What, ſhould we fight before we haue a cauſe?
No, lets lue and loue together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or elſe thou dieſt.

Am. Hold *Bromo* hold.

Bre. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Am. You promiſed me to make me Queene.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Am. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my will.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Am. Then ſaue this Hermiteſ life, for hee may ſaue vs both.

Bre. As thy requeſt Ile ſaue him, but neuer any after him.

Say Hermite what canſt thou doe?

Am. Ile wayte on thee, ſometime vpon thy Queene:

Such ſeruiſe ſhalt thou ſhortly haue, as *Bromo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

A short Comedy of an Emmer.

Enter Segasto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Seg. Come sirs, what shall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepheard?

Clo. I haue been through the woods and through the woods, and could see nothing but an *Emmet*.

Ru. Why I see a thousand *Emmets*, thou meanst a little one.

Clo. Nay, that *Emmet* that I saw was bigger then thou art.

Ru. Bigger then I, what a foole haue you to your man?

I pray you Maister turne him away.

Seg. But dost thou heare, was he not a man?

Clo. I thinke he was, for he said he did lead a *Saltfellers* life about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldst say, a solitary life about the wood.

Clo. I thinke so it was indeed.

Ru. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou art a wise man: why he did nothing but sleepe since he went.

Seg. But tell me *Mause*, how did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head, And a staffe in his hand.

Seg. I thought so, hee was a *Hermite* that walked a solitary life in the woods.

Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue seeking, till you bring some newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clo. How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we doe now?

Ru. Faich Ile home to dinner, and afterward to sleepe.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Ru. Faich I care not, for I know I shall neuer finde them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them, Ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou shalt goe in at one end of the wood and I at the other, and wee will meet both together in the midst.

Ru. Content less away to dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. Vnknowne to any heere within these woods,
With bloody *Brones* doe I lead my life;
The *Manslayer* he doth murder all he meetes,

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

He spareth none. and none doth him escape:
Who would continue, who but onely I
In such a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I choose?
Ah silly soule, how oftentimes she sits
And sighs, and calls come Shepheard come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come set me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by;
But heere she comes: what newes faire Lady.
As you walke these woods,

Enter Amadine.

Am. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And such as thou knowest.

Mu. How doe you like your *Breme* and his woods?

Am. Not my *Breme*, nor his *Breme* woods.

Mu. And why not yours? me thinkes he loues you well.

Am. I like not him his loue to me is nothing worth.

Mu. Lady, in this me thinkes you offer wrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you best.

Am. Ah Hermite, I take no pleasure in his loue,
Neither doth *Breme* like me best.

Mu. Pardon my boldnesse, faire Lady, sith we both
May safely talke now out of *Bremes* sight:

Vsofd to me, it so you please, the full discourse
How, when, and why you came into these woods,
And fell into this bloody Butchers hands.

Am. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue.

Mu. A Shepheard (Lady) sure a man vnfit to match with you.

Am. Hermite, this is true: and when we had,

Mu. Stay here, the wilde man comes.

Referre the rest vntill another time.

Enter Breme.

Bre. What secret tale is this? what whispering haue we here?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Mu. It needs I must, to heere it is againe.
When as we both had lost the sight of thee,

It grieved vs both, but specially thy Queene:
Who in thy absence euer seares the world.
Least some mischance befall you & royall Grace.

End W

E 3

Shall

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Shall my sweet *Breme* wander through the woods,
Toyle too and fro for to redresse my want,
Hazard his life and all to cheerish me?
I like not this, quoth she:
And therevpon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My answer was I had small skill therein;
But glad some (mighty king) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Wast so, none can mislike of this;
I'le teach you both to fight, but first my *Queene* begiane,
Here take this weapon see how thou canst vse it.

Am. This is too bigge, I cannot weild it in my arme.

Bre. Is't so? we le haue a knotty Crab-tree staffe for thee:
But sirra, tell me, what sayest?

Muc. With all my heart, *I* willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my staffe and see how thou canst weild it.

Muc. First teach me how to hold it in my hand,

Bre. Thou holdest it well: looke how he doth,
Thou maist the sooner learne.

Muc. Next tell how, and when tis best to strike.

Bre. 'Tis best to strike when time doth serue,
'Tis best to lose no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer it is time to strike.

Bre. And when thou strikest be sure to hitte the head.

Muc. The Head?

Bre. The very head.

Mu. Then haue at thine: *He strikes him downe dead.*

So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to desert,
Or else a worse, as thou deseruest worse.

Am. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to see,

Mu. Now Lady it remaines in you,
To end the Tale you lately had begunne,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You said you loued a Shepheard.

Am. I so I doe, and none but onely him:
And will doe still as long as life shall last.

Mu. But tell me Lady, sith I set you free,

What

What

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

What course of life do you intend to take?

Am. I will disguised wander through the world.
Till I haue found him out.

Mu. How if you find your Shepheard in these Woods?

Am. Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine*.

He discloseth himselfe.

Mu. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, doe you know your Shepheard well?

Am. My *Mucedorus*; hath he set me free?

Mu. He hath set thee free.

Am. And I u'd so long vnkowne to *Amadine*?

Mu. Ay that's a question whercof you may not be resolu'd:
You know that I am banisht from the Court.

I know likewise each passage is beter,

So that we cannot long escape vnkowne:

Therefore my will is this, that we returne,

Right through the thickets to the Wild-mans Caue,

And there a while liue on his prouision,

Vntill the search and narrow watch be past:

This is my counsell and I like it best.

Am. I thinke the very same.

Mu. Come, let's be gone.

*The Clowne searcheth and falls ouer the Wild-man,
and so carries him away*

Clo. Nay soft sir, are you here? a bots on you:

I was like to be hanged for not finding of you:

Wee would borrow a certaine stray Kings Daughter of you?

A wench, a wench sir, we would haue.

Mu. A wench of me? I'll make thee eate my sword.

Clo. O Lord, nay, and you are so lusty I'll call a cooling-
card for you: O maister, Master, I come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. What's the matter?

Clo. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepheard: O braue.

Seg. What Minion haue I found you out?

Clo. Nay that's a lie, I found her out my selfe.

Seg. Thou gadding huiwife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad.

When

When as thou knowest but wedding day to nie?

Am. Not *Segesta*: no such thing in hand:

Shew your assurance, then / He answer you.

Seg. Thy fathers promise my assurance is.

Am. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.

Seg. It rests in thee for to performe the same.

Am. Not I.

Seg. And why?

Am. So is my will, and therefore euen no.

Cl. Maister with anone, none so,

Seg. Ah wicked villaine, art thou heere?

Am. What needs these words? we weigh them not.

Seg. Wee weigh them not, proud Shepheard, I scorne thy

Cl. Weele not haue a corner of thy company. (company.

Am. I see: ne not thee nor yet the least of thine.

Cl. That's a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.

Seg. This stoutnesse *Amadino* contents me not.

Am. Then seeke another that may you better please.

Am. Well *Amadino*, it onely rests in thee,

Without delay to make thy choyce of three:

There stands *Segesta*, a second herer:

There stands the third: now make thy choyce.

Cl. A Lord at the least I am.

Am. My choyce is made, for I will none but thee.

Seg. A worthy Mate (no doubt) for such a wife.

Am. And *Amadino*, why wilt thou none but me?

I cannot keepe thee as thy father did;

I haue no lands for to maintaine thy state:

Moreover if thou meane to be my wife,

Commonly this must be thy vie,

To bed at midnight, vp at foure:

Dudge all day and trudge from place to place,

Whereby our dayly victuall for to winne:

And last of all, which is the worst of all,

No Princesse then but a plaine Shedheards wife.

Cl. Then God get you good morrow goody Shepheard.

Am. It shall not need, if *Amadino* doe like,

Thou shalt be crowned King of Aragon.

Cl.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Clo. O Maister laugh when he is a King, then Ile be a Queen.

Muc. Then know that which nere colere was knowne :

I am no Shepheard, no *Arragonian* I,
But borne of Royall blood: my father's of *Valencia* King,
My mother Queene; who for thy sacred sake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is so good.

Seg. Well now I see *Segasto* shall not speed,
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To see thee heere within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a Kingdome had befallne me this time :
I with my heart surrender her to thee.

He gives her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue,

Clo. What Barnes doore and borne where my father was
Constable? a bots on thee how dost thou?

Muc. Thanks *Segasto*, but you leueld at the Crowne.

Clo. Maister, beare this and beare all,

Seg. Why so sir?

Clo. He sayes you take a Goose by the Crowne.

Seg. Go to sir, away, post you to the King,
Whose heart is fraught with carefull doubts;
Glad him vp and tell him these good newes,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clo. I goe Maister, I run Maister.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine* the comfort of my life;
How can I ioy except she were in sight?
Her absence breeds great sorrow to my soule,
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.

Col. Forbeare those passions gentle King,
And you shall see twill turne vnto the best,
And bring your soule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe assure me that,
And nought but death except of her I heare,
And that with speed, I cannot figh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I heare within?

F

Thy

The cry within, Joy and Happinesse.

Colt heare a noyle of ouer-passing ioy,
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And heere comes one in haist.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King, a King.

Col. Why how now sirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O 'tis newes for a King, tis worth money.

King. Why sirra thou shalt haue siluer and gold if it be good.

Clow. O 'tis good 'tis good *Amadine*.

King. O what of her, tell me, and I will make thee a Knight.

Clow. How, a Spright, no by Lady I will not be a Spright:

Master get you away, if I be a Spright I shall be so leane,
I shall make you all affraid.

Col. Then Soe the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why I shall want Parrell.

King. Thou shalt want: for nothing.

Clow. Then stand away, strike vp thy selfe, here they come.

Enter Segasio, Mucedorus and Amadine.

Am. My gracious father pardon thy disloyall daughter.

King. What, doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine*?
Rise vp Daughter, and let thee imbracing armes.

Shew some token of thy fathers ioy,
Which euer since thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

Am. Deere father neuer were your sorrowes
Greater then my griefes:

Neuer you so desolate as I comfortlesse:

Yet neuertheless knowing my selfe

To be the cause of both, on bended knees

I humbly craue your pardon.

King. He pardon thee (deere daughter) but as for him.

Am. Ay Father what of him?

King. As sure as I am King and weare the Crowne,
He be reueng'd on that accursed wretch.

Am. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, shew

King. I, such fauour as thou' deservest. (faueur,

Am. I doe deserve the Daughter of a King.

King. Oh impudent! a Shepheard and so insolent.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Mu. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.

King. In faire conceit, not Princely borne.

Mu. Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,
My mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.

King. What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our Court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguis'd?

Mu. No cause to feare, I caused no offence,
But this; desiring thy Daughters vertues for to see,
Disguis'd my selfe from out my Fathers Court.

Unknowne to any in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles, neere to death:
So hath your daughter my parraker beene,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne and Soueraigne of my life,
Then shall I thinke my trauels all well spent.

King. With all my heart but this,
Segasto claimes my promise made tofore,
That he should haue her as his onely wife,
Before my Councell when he came from warre,
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*.

Seg. With all my heart, were it a far greater thing.
And what I may to furnish vp their rites.
With pleasing sports and pastime you shall see.

King. Thanks good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this:

Mu. Thanks good my Lord and whilst I liue,
Account of me in what I can or may.

Am. Good *Segasto* these great curtesies,
Shall not be forgot.

Clo. Why harke you Maister, bones what haue you done?
what giuen away the wench you made mee take such paines
for? you are wise indeed? Masse and I had knowne of that, I
would haue had her my selfe: Faith Maister now wee may goe
to breake-fast with a Woodcock-pie.

Seg. Goe sir, you were best to leaue this knauery.

King. Come on my Lords, lets now to Court,
Where wee may finish vp the ioyfullest day

The Country of Valentia
That euer hapt to a distressed King :
Were but thy father the *Valencia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot.

Albion within, Enter Messenger.

What shout was that ?

Mes. My Lord, the great *Valencia* King,
Newly arriu'd intreats your presence.

Nu. My father ?

King. A. Prepared welcomes giue him entertainment ;
A happier Planet neuer raignd then that,
Which gouerns at this houre.

Sound.

*Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Barachins, with
others : The King runnes and embraceb his sonne.*

King V. Rise honour of mine Age, food to my rest :
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behauiour so compeld by Nature,
That manners stood vnknownedged.

King A. What we haue to recite, would tedious proue,
By declaration, therefore in and feast ;
To morrow the performance shall explaine
What words conceale : till then Drums speake, Bells ring,
Giue plaufue welcomes to our Brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Enny.

Com. How now *Enny* ; what, blushest thou already ?

Peepst forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage praise a womans deeds ;
Thy threats were vaine, thou couldst doe me no hurt,
Although thou seem'st to crosse me with despight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd ypside downe thy Blocks,
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

Enny. Though stumbled, yet not ouerthrowne,

Thou canst not draw my heart to mildnesse :

Yet must I needs confesse thou hast done well,

And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant lea :

Say all this ; yet canst thou not conquer me,

Although this time thou hast got,

Yet not the Conquest acither.

End T

The Comedy of Overdoes

A double reuenge another time Ile haue.

Com. Enny, spit thy gall,

Plot, worke, contriue, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe each minure a blacke Traytor,
Whose blood and thoughts haue twins conception :
Study to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Cast natue monsters in the moulds of men ;
Case vicious Diuells vnder sancted robes ;
Vnhaspe the wicket where all periures roost,
And swarme this ball with Treasons, doe thy worst,
Thou canst not Hel-hound crosse my steare to night.
Nor blinde thar glory where I wish delight.

Enn. I can, I will,

Com. Nefarious Hagge begin,

And let vs tugge till one the Maistry winne.

Enn. Comedy, thou art a shallow Goose,

Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Commick merriment.

Com. Thy Policy wants grauity, thou art too weake :
Speake Friend, as how ?

Enn. Why thus :

From my soule study will I hoyst a wretch,
A leane and hungry meager Caniball,
Whose iawes swell to his eyes with chewing mallice ;
And him Ile make a Poet.

Com. What's that to th' purpose ?

Enn. This scrambling Rauē with his needy Beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy ;
Wherein shall be compos'd darke sentences,
Pleasing to factious brai nes:
And euery other where place me a ielt,
Whose high abuse shall more torment then blowes :
Then I my selfe (quicker then lightening)
Will flye me to the puiſſant Magistrate,
And waighting with a trencher at his back,
In midst of iollity rehearse those gaules,
(With some additions) so lately vented in your Theater :
He on this cannot but make complaint

To our great danger, or at least restrain.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly
This is a trap for boyes, not men nor such,
Especially desertfull in their doings,
Whose staid desertion, rules their purposes,
I and my faction doe eschew those vices;
But see, O see the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laide his golden compasse to the VVest,
VVhere he perpetuall bide and euer shine,
As *Dauids* oft spring, in his happy Clime.
Steepe Enny stoop: bow to the earth with me,
Let begge our pardons on our bended knee.

They kneele.

Enn. My power has lost her might, *Ennies* dare's expired.

And I amazed am.

Fall downe and Quake.

Com. glorious and wise Arch-Cesar on this earth,

At whose appearance, *Ennis* stricken dumbe,

And all bad things cease operation:

Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling error,

So late presented to your gracious view,

And wee'll endeavour with excess of paine;

To please your senses in a choicer straine.

Thus we commit you to the Armes of night,

VVhose spangled carcasse would for your delight,

Strive to excell the day: be blessed then,

VVho other wishes, let him neuer speake,

Enn. Amen.

To Fame and honour we commend your rest,

And shall more happy, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.

This comedy was written by
Robert Greene. The first edition
was in 1598. The new additions
were made to it several years af-
terwards, and first printed in 1610,
of which edition the title page is
exactly the same as that opposite.

There was another edition in 1615.

This therefore is the fourth.

With respect to the author, see
my Shakespeare, 2d edit.

E. M.

A
Most pleasant Co-
medie of Mucedorus the kings
sonne of Valentia and Admadine
the kings daughter of Arragon.
with the merrie conceites
of Mouse.

Newly set forth as it hath bin
 sundrie times plaide in the ho-
 norable Cittie of London.

Very delectable and full
of mirth.



LONDON.

Printed for William Jones dwell-
ling at Holborne Conduit at
the signe of the Gunne.
1598.

Eight persons may
easily play it

The King and
Rembelo } for one

Amadine the
King's daughter } for one
of Arragon

Segasto, a nobleman - for one

Luira; Tremelio; a
Captain; Bruno, a } for one
wild man

Comedy; a boy; an old woman } for one
Ariena, Amadine's maide

Collen, a counsellor, } for one
a Messenger -

Mouse, the Clown for one

Origens A. 2 - end with Fish

A
Most Pleasant
Comedy of *Mucedorus*
the Kings Sonne of *Valen-*
tia, and *Amadine* the Kings
Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouſe*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it
was acted before the Kings
Majesty, at White-hall on
Shroue-ſunday night.

By his Highneſſe Seruants, *ſpecially*
playing at the Globe.

Very delectable, and full of conceited mirth

LONDON,
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be
ſold at his ſhop without New-
gate, at the ſigne of the
Bible. 1619.

Most Excellent

Council of the University

of the City of London

in the year of our Lord



1666

Amplified with new Addition as is

was acted before the

City of London

the 10th day of

By his Highness's Secretary

John

Very


LOW

Printed for John

at his shop

in the

1666



The Prologue.

MOst sacred Maiesty, whose great deserts,
Thy subiect *England*, say, the world admires:
Which, Heauen grant still increase, O may your praise
Multipling with your heures, your fame still raise:
Embrace your Councel: Loue, with Faith them guide
That both as one bench, by the others side.
So may your life passe on, and run so euen;
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where smiling Angels shall your guardians be
From blemisht Traytors, stain'd with periury:
And as the Night's inferior to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your beames, *Europe* shall borrow light.
Mirth drowne your bosome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our pastime your contentment finde.

Exit.

A 2

Tenne



Tenue persons may easily play in.

The King, and Romeo,

} for one.

King Valentia.

} for one.

Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia.

} for one.

Amfelmg.

} for one.

Amadine the Kings Daughter of

} for one.

Aragon.

Segasto a Noble man.

} for one.

*Envy, Tremelio a Captaine, Erebo
a wild man.*

} for one.

Comedie, a boy, an old Woman,

} for one.

Arsena Amadines maid.

Collin a Counciller, a Messenger.

} for one.

Moufe the Clowne.

} for one.

Tenne

A

A



A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Son of *Valentia*, and *Amdine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy joyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.



Hy so, thus doe I hope to please:
Musicke renues, and mirth is tollerable:
Comedy play thy part and please,
Make merry them that come to joy with thee:
Joy then good Gentles I hope to make you laugh

Sound forth *Belona's* silver rured strings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter *Enay* his armes naked besmeared with blood.

Ena. Nay stay Minion stay, there lies a blocke:
What, all on mirth? He interrupt your tale,
And mixe your musick with a Tragicke end.

Com. What monstrous vely hag is this,
That dares controule the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish Caire besmeared with gory blood,
That seem'st to check the blossome of Delight,
And stifle the sound of sweet *Belona's* breath:
Nust monster blust, and post away with shame:
That seek'st disturbance of a Goodwifes name.

Ena. Post hence thy selfe thou counterchecking Trull,
I will possesse this faire sight of thee
And gaine the glory of this withed port:
I'l thunder Musicke shall appale the Nymphs,
And make them singe their claretting strings,
Flying for succour to their Dismal Caves.

Sound Drummes, Hautboies, Flutes, &c.

Hearken thou shalt heare noyse,
Shall fill the Aire with shrilling sounde

2 all

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And thunder Musicke to the Gods about:
Mars shall himselfe braue downe
A Pearlelesse Crowne vpon braue Ennis head,
And raise his chinell with a lasting fame:
In this braue Musicke, Enny takes delight,
Where I may see them welow in their blood.
To spurne at Armes and Legs quite shiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thousands flaine:
How lik'st thou this my Trull? tis spott alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloody curre, nistt vp with Tygers sap,
That so dost quail a Woman's minde;
Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to please,
And seekes to gaine the loue of all estates:
Delighting in Mirth, mixt all with louely tales;
And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe:
Thou bloody, enuious, disdainer of mens ioyes:
Whose name is fraught with bloody stragments;
Delights in nothing but in spoyle and death,
Where thou maist trample in their luke-warme blood,
And graspe their hearts within thy cursed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,
A silly woman begs it at thy hands.

Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play;
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not deach mongst pleasing *Comedies*,
That treats naught else but pleasure and delight:
If any sparke of humane rests in thee,
Forbeare, begone; tender the suite of me.

Enn. Why so I will: forbearance shall be such,
As treble death shall crosse thee with despaire,
And make the mourne where most thou ioyest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
VVhirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a sea of blood:
This will I doe: Thus shall I beare with thee,
And more, to rexe thee with a deeper sight:
I will with threats of blood, begin the Play,
Fauouring thee with Enny and with Hare.

The Comedy of Mucedorus

Com. Then vgly Monster doe thy worst;
I will defend them in despite of thee:
And though thou think it with Tragicke fumes
To proue my Play vnto my deepe disgrace,
I force it not. I scorne what thou canst doe:
Ile grace it so thy selfe shall it confesse,
From tragicke fuffe to be a pleasant Comedy.

Enn. Why then Comedy send thy Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first step of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And Ile defend them mager all thy spight:
So vgly find farwell, till time shall serue,
That we may meet to parley for the batt.

Enn. Content Comedy, Ile goe spread my branch
And scattered Blossomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall proue two Monsters, spoyling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. *Anselmo?* *Ansel.* My Lord and Friend,
Whose deere affections bosome with my heart;
And keepe their domination in one Obeisance,
Whence nere disloyalty shall roote it forth,
But Faith plaint siner in your choyce respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I should other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow;
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say, I must enstrange that friend.
Misconstrue not; tis from the Realm, nor thee: *(Ship)*
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company;
Thou know'st that I imparted often time,
Private relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Dragons* Bright Jewell: whose face *(some say)*
That blooming Lillies neuer shine so gay,
Excelling, nor exceed mye least Repore
Does mangle Vnity, busting of wha' inuoy,
Wing'd with Desire, thither Ile straight repaire;
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Ansel. Will you forsake *Valerius* to leaue the Court?

Absent

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Absent you from the eye of Soueraignty,
Doe not sweet Prince, adventure on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.

Muc. Desist disuasion,
My resolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retain thy wonted forme,
Assist what I intend.

Ans. Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frosty dew vpon that Beard,
Whose front *Valentia* stoopes to.

Muc. If thou my welfare tender then no more,
Let Loves strong Magick charme thy triuiall phrase,
Wasted as vainely as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more answers; locke thy lippes,
Vnlesse thy wisdome suite me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

Ans. That action craues no counsell.
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Then best vntwisted shape.

Muc. Thou still art opposite in disposition,
A more obscure seruile habilament
Beseemes this enterprife.

Ans. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke*.

Muc. 'Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on an humbler stocke.

Ans. Within my Closet does there hang a Cassocke,
Though bale the weed is, twaxe Shepheards,
Which I presented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.

Muc. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view,
That habite suites my minde, fetch me that weed.

Exit Anselmo
Better then Kings, haue not disdain'd that flare,
And much inferiour, to obaine their Mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepheards Coate.
So, let our respect commaund thy secrecy,
At once a brieft farewell,
Delay to Louers is a second Hell.

Exit Mucedorus

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Ans. Prosperitie fortunee thee: Aukward chance
Neuer be neighbour to thy wishes venture.
Content and Fame aduance thee: Euer thrive,
And glory thy mortality suruiue. *Exit.*

Enter Menfem with a bottle of hay.

Mos. O horrible, terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman so
scar'd out of his seauen senses? A Beare? nay sure it cannot be a
Beare, but some Diuell in a Beares doublet: for a Beare could
neuer haue had that agility to haue frighted me. Well Ile see
my father hangd before Ile serue his horse any more: Well Ile
carry home my bottle of hay, and for ones make my fathers
horse turne Puritane and obserue Fasting dayes, for hee gets
not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile take
the other path, and because Ile be sure to haue an eye to her,
I will take hands with some foolish Creditor, and make every
steppe backward. *As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her,
and runnes away, and leaues his bottle of hay behind him.*

*Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him, being
pursued with a Beare.*

Seg. O flye Maddam, flye, or else we are but dead.

Am. Help Segasto, help, help sweet Segasto, or else I dye.

Segasto runnes away.

Seg. Alas Maddam, there is no way but flight,
Then hast and save your selfe.

Am. Why then I dye, Ah helpe me in distresse.

*Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard with a Sword drawn,
and a Beares head in his hand.*

Muc. Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaid,
That cruell beast, most mercilesse and fell,
That hath bereaued thousands of their liues,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkasse now lies headlesse voyd of breath.

Am. That foule deformed monster is he dead?

Muc. Assure your selfe thereof behold his head.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which if it please you Lady, to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maiesty.

Am. Thanks worthy Shepheard, thanks a thousand times,
This giift assure thy selfe contents me more,
Then greatest bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muc. Most gracious Goddesse more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right imports no lesse;
Most glad am I in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterprife in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your Princely minde.

Am. No Goddesse: (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest,
My Father heere is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his onely Daughter am,
And after him sole heyre vnto the Crowne;
Now whereas it is my Fathers will,
To marry me vnto *Segasto*,

One whose wealth through Fathers former Vsurie,
Is knowne to be no lesse then wonderful,
We both of custome oftentimes did vs,
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields,
For recreation, especially the Spring,

In that it yeelds great store of rare delights;
And passing further then our wonted walks,
Scarce entred were within those sucklesse woods,
But right before vs downe a steep fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hit him fast,
To meet vs both: I faint to tell the rest.

Good Shepheard but suppose the ghastly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thousand woes,
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

Muc. Yet worthy Princess let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former ioyes reuiue.

Am. Beleeue me Shepheard, so it doth no lesse.

Muc. Long may they last vnto your hearts content,
But tell me Lady, what is become of him,
Segasto call'd; what is become of him?

Am.

I know not I, that know the powers diuine,
But God grant this that sweet *Sogasto* line,

Muc. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,
And leaue so braue a Princeesse to the spoyle.

Am. Well Shepheard for thy worthy valour tryed,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free,
Vnrecompenced sure thou shalt not be :
In Court thy courage shall be plainly knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame :
And that thy courage may be better knowne ;
Beare thou the head of this most monstrous Beast
In open sight to euery Courtiers view :
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court.

Muc. With all my heart.

Enter Sogasto solus.

Sog. When heapes of harmes doe houer ouer head,
'Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And of insuing harmes to choose the least :
But hard, yea haplesse is that wretches chance,
Lucklesse his lot and Caitiue-like accurst,
At whose proceedings fortune euer frownes :
My selfe I meane, most subiect vnto thrall :
For I, the more I seeke to shun the worst,
The more by prooffe I finde my selfe accurst.
Erewhiles assaulted with an vgly Beare,
Fairst *Amadine* in company all alone ;
Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,
Leaving my *Amadine* vnto her shifts :
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long,
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths :
If she by flight her fury doe escape,
What will she thinke ?

VWill she not say, you fluty to my face, and tell I am wooer
Accusing mee of meere disloyalty,
A trusty friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when shee in danger was of death,
And needed me, and eride, *Sagafts* help,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath.
But what, what need these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe live then happy be,
Shee will in time forgiue and so forget:
Amadine is merer full, not *I* like,
In harmefull heart to harbour hatred longe.

Enter Alon for the Clowds running

Mo. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bits, & Chelpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare,
Seg. Still Beares and nothing but Beares,
Tell me first where she is.

Clo. O sir, she is run daine the woods,
I saw her white head and her white belly.
Seg. Thou talkest of wonders to tell me of white Beares.

But firrah, didst thou euer see any such?
Clo. No faith, I neuer saw any such
But I remember my fathers words,
He bad me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Seg. A lamentable tale no doubt.
Clo. Ile tell you what sir, as I was going afield to setue my
fathers great horse, and carreyed a bundle of hay on my head:
Now doe you see sir, I fast had wincke that I could see nothing,
I perceiuing the Beare coming, I threw my hay into the
hedge and ran away.

Seg. What, from nothing?
Clo. I warrant you yes, I felt something i forthere was a
load of thornes beside my bundle of hay, and that made me run.

Seg. But tell me firrah, the Beare shee hath all off, for
Did she not beare a bucke on her armer?

Clo. Ha, ha, ha. I neuer saw a Beare goe milking in all my life.
But harke you sir, I did not looke so high at her armer,
I saw nothing but her white head and her white belly.

Seg.

Seg. But tell the firrah, where thou dwellest.

Clo. Why, doe you not know me?

Seg. Why not, how should I know thee?

Clo. Why then you know nobody, and you know not mee:
Tell you fir, I am good-man Rats sonne of the next parish ouer
the hill.

Seg. Good-man Rats son, whats thy name?

Clo. Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Seg. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clo. My name: I haue a very petty name. Ile tell you what
my name is: My name is *Moufe*.

Seg. VVhat, plaine *Moufe*?

Clo. I, plaine *Moufe*, without eyther welc or guard.
But doe you heare fir, I am a very young *Moufe*, for my taile is
scarce growne out yet: looke here else.

Seg. But I pray you, who gaue you that name?

Clo. Faith fir I know not that, but if you would faime know,
aske my fathers great horse, for hee hath bene halfe a yeare
longer with my father then I haue bene.

Seg. This seemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me.

Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.

A merry man a merry Master makes.

How saist thou firrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo. Nay soft fir, two words to a bargaine. Pray you what
Occupation are you?

Seg. No Occupation, I liue vpon my Lands.

Clo. Your Lands? away, you are no Master forme. Why do
you thinke that I am so mad to go seekemy living in the lands
amongst the stones, briers and bushes, and reare my holiday
apparell? Not I by your leave.

Seg. VVhy, I doe not meane thou shalt.

Clo. How thinke

Seg. VVhy thou shalt be my man, and waite on me at Court.

Clo. VVhere shall I?

Seg. VVhere the King lieth.

Clo. VVhat is that King, a man or a woman?

Seg. As thou art.

Clo. As I am: hark you fir, pray you what kin is he to good
man King of our Parish the Churchwardene.

*Sig. I see him not, nor know he is King of the whole Land,
Clo. King of the Land, I neuer saw him.*

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him every day.

*Clo. Shall I go home again to be torne in picces with beares?
No not I, I will goe home and put on a cleane shirt, and then
goe drowne my selfe.*

*Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou
shalt want nothing.*

*Clo. Shall I not? then heeres my hand, I'll dwell with you;
And marke you sir, now you haue entertained mee, I will tell
you what I can doe: I can keepe my tongue from picking and
stealing, and my hands from lying and slandering, I warrant
you, as well as euer you had man in your life.*

*Seg. Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with
doubts; if Amadine doe liue, then happy I: yea happy I if
Amadine doe liue.*

*Enter the King with a young Prisoner, Amadine,
Tremelio, with Colles and Counsellors.*

*King. Now braue Lords, our Warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in safety rest;
It vs behoues to vse such clemency in peace,
As valour in the Warres:
It is as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As Conquerors in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries safeguard,
We are dispos'd in marriage for to giue,
Our Daughter vnto Lord Segeste here,
Who shall succeed the Diademe after me,
And raigne heereafter as I tofore haue done,
Your sole and lawfull King of Arragon.
What say you Lordings, like you of my aduice?*

*Col. And please your Maiesty, wee doe not onely allow of
your Highnes pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may
to further it.*

*King. Thanks good my Lords, if long Adrest shall
He will at full requite your courtesies,
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done, to giue thee
Take*

The Comedy of Merchants

Take vnto thee the *Catolons*, a Prince

Lately our Prisoner taken in the warres:

Be thou his Keeper, his ranfome shall be thine;

Wee'le thinke of it when leasure shall afford:

Meane while doe vse him well his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Maiefty; his vsage shall be such;

As he thereat shall thinke no cause to grutch.

K. Then march we on to Court and rest our wearied limbs;

But *Colin*, I haue a tale in secret fit for thee;

When thou shalt heare a warchword from thy King;

I thinke then some waightry matter is at hand;

That highly shall concerne our State:

Then *Colin* looke thou be not farre from me,

And for thy seruice thou before hast done

Thy truth and valour prou'd in every poynt;

I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore;

So guard vs to the Court.

Col. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe;

With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent.

Enter Segasto and the Clowne with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me firrah, how doe you like your weapons?

Clo. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.

Seg. They keepe the dogs from your shins well do they not?

Clo. How, keepe the dogs from my shins, I would scorne but

my shippes should keepe the dogs from them.

Seg. Well firrah, leauing idle talke, tell me,

Dost thou know Captaine *Tremelius* Chamber?

Clo. I very well, he hath a dore.

Seg. I thinke so; for so hath euery Chamber;

But dost thou know the man?

Clo. I forsooth he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Clo.* Thats more then I know

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was heere

with the King, that brought the young Prince Prisoner?

Clo. O very well.

Seg. Goe to him and bid him come vnto me

Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.

Clo. I will Maister. Maister what's his name?

Seg.

Seg. Why, Captaine *Tremelio*?

Clo. O, the Mealeman; I know him very well.
He brings meale every Saturday: But harke you master,
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

Seg. No sirra, he must come to mee.

Clo. Harke you Master, If he be not at home,
What shall I doe then?

Seg. Why, then leave word with some of his folkes.

Clo. O Master, if there be no body within,
I will leave word with his dog.

Seg. Why, can his dog speake?

Clo. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keepe his chamber else?

Seg. To keepe out such knaves as thou art,

Clo. Nay by Lady, then goe your selfe.

Seg. You will goe sir, will you not?

Clo. Yes marry will I. O sir, come to my head,
And he be not within, Ile bring his Chamber to you.

Seg. What, will you plucke downe the Kings house?

Clo. No by Lady, He knowe the price of it first.
Master, it is such a hard name I have forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name.

Seg. I tell thee Captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. O Captaine treble knave, Captaine treble knave.

Enter *Tremelio*.

Tre. How now sirrah, dost thou call mee?

Clo. You must come to my Master, Captaine treble knave.

Tre. My Lord *Saga* did you send for mee?

Seg. I did *Tremelio*. Sirra about your busines.

Clo. I marry, what's that, can you tell?

Seg. No not well.

Clo. Marry then I can, straight to the Kirchin-dresser to take
the Cooke; and get me a good piece of Beefe and Browis, and
then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a Jacke
of Beere: and there for an houre. He so belabour my selfe, and
therefore I pray you call mee not till you thinke I have done.
I pray you good master.

Seg. VVellif away.

Tremelio, this it is; thou knowest the valour of *Saga*.

Spoken

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours :
Neuer daunted at any time : but now a Shepheard,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segasso* honor laid aside :
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to
worke the Shepheards death : I know thy strength sufficient to
performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise then to reuenge
my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account is accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Seg. thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord : And in good time, I will see
See where hee commeth : stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward, so without cause to strike a man,
Turne Coward turne : now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Seg. Hold Shepheard hold, spare him, kill him not :
Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done ?

Ah *Tremelio*, trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou living didst proue faithfull to *Segasso*,

So *Segasso* now living, will honour the dead
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge,

Blood thirsty villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,

As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine ?
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vs'd according to the Law.

Muc. *Segasso* cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that haue done nothing,

But in mine owne defence.

Seg. Nay Shepheard, reason not with me,
He manifest thy fact vnto the King :

Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deserv'st.
What hoe : *Monsie* come away.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter Masse.

Clo. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Seg. Come helpe away with my friend;

Clo. Why is he drunke? can hee not stand on his feet.

Seg. No he is not drunke, hee is flaine.

Clo. Flaine? no by Lady he is nor flaine.

Seg. He's kill'd, I tell thee, (no longer.

Clo. What doe you vse to kill your friends? I will serue you

Seg. I tell thee the Shepheard kill'd him.

Clo. O did hee so: But Maister I will haue all his apparell if
I carry him away.

Clo. Come then I will helpe: Masse maister, I thinke his mother sung loobie to him, he is so heauy. *Exeunt.*

M. Behold the fickle state of man, alwayes mutable, neuer
at one.

Sometime we feed on fancies with the sweet of our desires:

Sometimes againe, wee feelee the heat of extreame miseries,

Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey.

To morrow those fauours will turne to frownes.

To day I liue reuenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Breme a wild man.

Bre. No passenger this morning: what not one?

A chance that sildome doth befall,

What not one: then lie thou there,

And rest thy selfe till I haue further need:

Now *Breme* sitth thy leasure so affords,

An endlesse thing, who knowes not *Breme*'s strength?

Who like a King commands within these woods,

The Beare, the Boare, dare not abide his sight,

But hast away to saue themselves by flight.

The Chisfall waters in the bubbling Brooker,

When I come by doe swiftly slide away,

And claps themselves in closets vnder banks,

Affraid to looke bold *Breme* in the face,

The aged Oakes at *Breme*'s breath do bowe,

And all things else are still at my command.

else

Else what would I? Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth;
And each way else I would reuenge my selfe.
Why who comes here, with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me, and doth not die the death? not one,
What fauour shewes this sturdy sicke to those
That heere within these woods are combatants with me?
Why death and nothing else but present death.
With restlessse rage I wander through these woods
No creature here, but feareth *Bremos* force:
Man, woman, child, beast and bird,
And euery thing that doth approach my sight,
Are forst to fall, if *Bremio* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my spoyles,
For here I see this day it will not be,
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat sufficeth for to worke my will.
What comes not one: then leta be gone,
A time will serue when we shall better speed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segasio, the Shepheard and the Clowne with others.

Kin. Shepheard, thou hast heard thine accusers,
Murder is laid to thy charge:
What canst thou say? thou hast deserued death.

Mn. Dread Soueraigne I must needs confesse:
I slue this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuser hath a further meaning,

Seg. Words will not here preuaile,
I seeke for iustice and iustice craves his death.

Kin. Shepheard thine owne confession hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution straight.

Clo. So he shall, I warrant him:
But doe you heare Master King: he is kin to a Monkie,
His neck is bigger then his head.

Seg. Come sirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forsooth I warrant you: come on sirra:
A, so like a Sheepe-biter a lookes,